

Viva Las Vegas!

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Summary: Quatre wins a trip to Vegas and takes Trowa, but not everything goes as planned. (shonen ai / yaoi)

Viva Las Vegas!

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Viva Las Vegas!

"You're the twelfth caller! Do you know the answer?"

"Is it 'Jailhouse Rock'?" [1] The voice that came over the line was sweet, sounding a bit unsure.

"That's correct! You win!" the DJ yelled out. "Do you know what the prize is?"

The Winner [2] nodded into the phone, not realizing that the motion didn't make a sound over the airwaves.

"You're spending a weekend in Vegas!" said the DJ excitedly. "Airfare for two and accommodations at the hotel of your choice! How does that sound!?"

"Great! Wonderful! Absolutely . . . perfect."

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Trowa was in the hanger, working on Heavyarms and pretending not to notice the tuft of yellow hair that periodically peeked around the corner. Out of the side of his eye he watched as the blond head popped out once again, only to retreat a second later. Without turning, he asked, "is there something I can do for you?"

A small gasp was heard, and then a soft "ahem," before Quatre stepped into view, looking slightly pink. "Umm . . . Hi there, Trowa."

"Hello."

"So, uh, what are you doing?"

". . . Just some maintenance."

"Oh." The little pilot sighed quietly, to himself. Maybe I should skip the small talk, he thought, and made the decision to get right to the point. "So, since we have a few days off, I was wondering if . . ." Deep breath. "I was wondering if you'd like to go on a trip with me this weekend!" He blurted it all out quickly, before he lost his nerve.

The other was silent, and for a moment Quatre thought he wasn't going to answer, or was trying to find a nice way to refuse.

"See, on the radio I won a trip to Las Vegas," he began to explain. "It's for two and I was thinking maybe you'd want to go . . . with me."

A softness came over Trowa's green eyes. "Yeah," he answered, with a slight nod. "I'd like that."

"Yatta," Quatre breathed with a smile.

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A pair of violet eyes peered out from Deathscythe's cockpit. "Vegas, huh?" Lips formed into an evil grin. "Hmm . . ."

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"Why am I not surprised?" Trowa stared up at the large hotel and casino in front of him.

"Sorry," Quatre apologized. "The Sahara was the only one I could think of when I was making reservations. I hope it's okay."

"It's fine."

"It didn't occur to me until later that you might have preferred . . ."

"What?"

"Circus Circus."

The Heavyarms pilot blinked at him, then smiled. Then the smile turned into a chuckle. He put a hand on the other boy's shoulder and looked into his eyes. "Anything you choose is fine." Their gaze lingered for a moment, then Trowa picked up both of their bags. "Lets go in."

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Duo stepped out from behind the plant he was using for cover. "Okay, the coast is clear."

"Maxwell, why are we doing this again?" Wufei took in his

surroundings, his arms folded across his chest.

"To spy on them, of course!"

"I thought you said it was to make sure they don't endanger the mission," Heero said skeptically. The usual moody look was on his face.

"I only said that to get you to go," the American replied. "If I told you it was just to spy on them, you wouldn't have come, now would you."

A "hn" was Heero's only response.

"Come on," Duo said, grabbing the closest tank top - Wufei's - to drag along. "I don't want to lose 'em!"

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Quatre approached the front desk and greeted the receptionist with a sunny smile. "Hi. I'm the winner of the WWBD [3] radio station contest."

"Okay," the receptionist answered pleasantly and typed a bit on the computer in front of her, confirming the reservation. "Alright, Mr. Winner," she smiled at the irony of her statement. "Reservation for you and a guest." She looked at Trowa, who was standing a bit behind Quatre, looking off to the side, then she looked him over again, for good measure. Quatre could have sworn she was checking him out. "You'll be needing a room with two beds then?"

Quatre glanced back at his 'guest', then turned to the receptionist with an uncharacteristically sly grin on his face. "No, one bed will be fine."

"Okay," she replied, and did some more typing. Then her typing slowed and her eyes widened in realization. "Oh . . ."

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Dinner plans were made at Excalibur. Quatre didn't like the thought of eating without utensils, but the promise of a great jousting show, and a wet nap [4], persuaded him to give up on manners this one time.

The show was great. Quatre's eyes lit up when he saw Merlin's magic, and he clapped and cheered for the white knight. Trowa sat quietly, enjoying the food and the show, and most of all, the happy look on his partner's face.

On the other side of the arena there was a loud argument; someone was complaining to the waiter about the portions being too small and they were insisting on a second helping of the cornish hen that was served. Trowa commented on how the person reminded him a lot of Duo.

"Wow!" the little blond exclaimed as they left the castle. "That was exciting! For a minute there I didn't think he was going to win."

"The white knight always wins."

"I know. But I thought maybe this one time it'd be different."

Next to Excalibur was New York, New York. Quatre took Trowa's hand and pulled the stunned pilot into line for the roller coaster. "And this time, try to be a little more enthusiastic about the ride." [5]

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They had taken a taxi from the Sahara, which was at the end of Las Vegas Blvd. (a.k.a. 'The Strip') to Excalibur, at the other end. Then they walked down The Strip, seeing all the sights and experiencing everything in the city that never sleeps.

They marveled at the volcanic eruption at the Mirage and cheered on the pirates at Treasure Island. At Caesar's Palace they watched as the 'marble' statues seemingly came to life to perform. "That one almost looks like Wufei!" Quatre laughed. Even Trowa couldn't help but to smile and laugh as they played and did everything there was to do.

Several times Quatre spun around, saying he sensed someone behind them, watching them. But there was never anyone there. The suspicion was always forgotten within a moment.

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"Baka!" Heero growled at Duo. "If you're not quieter we're going to get caught."

Duo smirked without looking at him, peering out from their hiding place. "If I didn't know any better, I'd almost think you were having fun."

"Hn."

"Do you two realize just how wrong this is?" Wufei's head was poked out under Duo's, spying right along with the others despite his words. "It's almost an injustice."

"Then leave. Nobody's begging you to stay."

There was no reply, but the Chinese pilot continued to watch his comrades from the shadows.

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Though the city of Las Vegas never sleeps, people have to, and as the night wore on Quatre found himself wearing thin on energy. Trowa smiled softly as his mate gave a large, cute yawn. "We can head back to the hotel now, but there's something I wanted to do first."

"Sure, whatever you want," Quatre smiled, happy to do anything with the normally stoic pilot. "What'd you want to do?"

Trowa pointed to a large tower just past the Sahara. "See that?"

"The Stratosphere . . ."

"I bet the view from there at night is wonderful."

Getting there required walking past several vacant lots where hotels and casinos had yet to be built. Some had the beginnings of a building up, others were just barren plots of land. The darkness of the area differed greatly from the brightly lit strip they just came from. Quatre grabbed on to Trowa's arm, and held tightly.

"Kowai . . ." he whispered softly. That sneaking suspicion that they were being watched came over him again, and he quickly turned around to look behind them. There was a small blur of movement, he thought he saw; or was that just imagination?

"What's up?" Trowa asked, following his gaze.

"Nothing. I'm just seeing things." I hope.

They turned to continue on their way, and Quatre bumped into a dark figure coming in the opposite direction. "Sorry," he murmured. He moved to step around the person, but they stepped in front of him, cutting him off. His wide blue eyes looked up to see three large men blocking their way. All three men were big, ugly, and smelled like they hadn't showered for some time.

One of the men reached out and gripped the sleeve of Quatre's shirt, rubbing it between dirty fingers. "This is real silk, ain't it?" he asked in a gravely voice.

"Umm . . . Yes . . . it is," the blond replied nervously.

"I bet it was real expensive," the man continued. "How much did it cost ya?"

"Well . . ."

Trowa grabbed Quatre's arm and began to pull him away. "Come on, Quatre. Let's get out of here."

Another man stepped in front of the brown haired boy, and put a hand on his chest to stop him. "You're not going anywhere," he sneered. "Not until you give us all your money."

"And that shirt," the first man added.

Trowa put an arm protectively around his partner; a hard look in his eyes.

"Oh look," one of the men said mockingly. "The queer's gonna protect his little boyfriend."

"Well, he can try," said another.

The man reached out to grab Quatre, but Trowa quickly moved him out of the way and delivered a hard kick to the man's back, hitting him right on the spine with a crack. In another fluid motion the pilot turned with both fists flying to take out the second man, knocking

him headfirst into a telephone pole.

A small cry directed Trowa's attention to where the last man standing held Quatre with a knife to his throat. "Any closer and the uke gets it." To prove his point, he pressed the sharp edge a bit harder against the slender neck, and a small drop of blood ran from the cut. Quatre looked to Trowa with pleading eyes, but didn't make a move or a sound.

Trowa's eyes burned with rage and a dark look came over his face. He took a menacing step forward.

"Didn't ya hear me!" the man snarled. "I said don't move!"

A metallic click was heard, and the man stiffened when he felt something hard press against the back of his skull. The last thing he heard was a slightly nasal voice saying "omae o korosu" before the trigger was pulled and his world went black.

"Heero! What are you-"

Quatre's question cut off abruptly when long arms wrapped around him, pulling him close to another's body. Trowa didn't say anything, but Quatre could hear his heart beating. "I was so worried," it said, over and over. He leaned into the embrace.

"It's a Kodak moment . . ." Duo sighed wistfully; playfully.

Trowa's hold loosened, but he kept his arms around Quatre as the shorter pilot turned around to face his unexpected companions. "Why are you guys here?"

"We couldn't let you two have all the fun," the braided one replied with a wink. Something like a faint snort came from Heero's direction.

"Ah."

A scowl grazed Trowa's face; it was all he could do to not show the annoyance he was beginning to feel. "You were spying on us all day."

"Well . . . I wouldn't call it spying. We were . . . making sure you didn't endanger the mission." He blinked innocently.

"You said before that we were spying."

Duo hung his head. "Heero no baka."

"Every time we go out you have to tag along," Trowa glared. "Why is that?"

"I never-"

"Like that one time when we had plans for the carnival." [5]

"That was a group thing," Duo said defensively.

"It wasn't supposed to be."

Quatre took a step forward, interrupting. "Anyway, thanks for helping us. I don't know what might have happened if you hadn't shown up."

"They were weaklings who attacked those who seemed more feeble than themselves." Wufei nudged one of the immobile bodies with his toe. "Justice has been served."

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A small figure was staring out from the top of a large tower when he felt an arm circle around his waist.

"Enjoying the view?" Trowa asked softly.

Quatre looked at his koibito with a sweet smile. "Yes, it's beautiful. Very, very beautiful." He turned back to the brightly lit city below him. "Beautiful . . ." he repeated. "I never knew just how beautiful this city was." [6]

"It is quite magnificent, isn't it," Trowa said, though it wasn't the city lights he was captivated by. He pulled Quatre to face him, and took his chin to tilt the blond head upwards. "I'm glad you brought me here. You've given me something to remember, something to hold on to for all time. I want to continue making beautiful memories with you . . ."

Slowly, soft lips met, pressing together with all the warmth and tenderness they felt. The city of Las Vegas continued to thrive behind them, but was momentarily forgotten.

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On the other side of the tower, another person was enjoying the scenery. Duo leaned against the railing with a happy look in his eyes.

"Duo."

The American looked to where he heard his name, and saw cobalt blue eyes staring at him. "Oh, hey there, Heero. What's up?"

"Duo . . . I just wanted to say . . . thank you . . . for dragging me here." He looked off in the distance. "Despite everything, I actually had fun."

"That makes me happy," Duo replied. "I had a lot of fun too. And, Heero . . ."

"Hm?" There was an unnoticed hope in his eyes.

"Thanks for . . . giving me your cornish hen at dinner. It was good!" He slapped a hand on Heero's shoulder, letting it linger there a moment as the boys looked into each other's eyes.

Heero took a nervous step forward, but before he could make his move the other had bounded off to torture some poor, unsuspecting victims. Namely, Trowa and Quatre. The Wing pilot blinked in confusion, then followed his carefree partner.

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Duo threw one arm each around Quatre and Trowa, who were blushing and scowling respectively at being interrupted during a tender moment. "So, what're we gonna do now?" he asked cheerfully.

"_We_ are going back to our hotel," Trowa replied. "_You_ can do whatever you want."

"You mean we can't stay with you? Aww, you're no fun. I thought we-ack!" A familiar jerk on the braid stopped him from continuing.

"Come on," Heero said roughly. Then his voice softened, "I'll get you an ice cream cone from Circus Circus."

Violet eyes widened as Duo was pulled away by his leash- err . . . braid. "Really!? Can I get a super cone with chocolate and vanilla and cookie dough and . . ." his voice trailed off.

Wufei began to follow, then turned. Walking backwards he called out to the remaining couple, "have fun, you two! Be good! Don't do anything . . . unjust!" And, with a hint of a smile, he was gone, and they were alone.

"No need to worry about that," Trowa said as he placed a hand on the back of Quatre's head, running his fingers through silk hair. "What we'll be doing will be perfectly . . . right."

Owari

Thanks for reading!

notes:

[1] Hey, it's a story about Vegas. I had to fit Elvis in there somewhere!

[2] Yes, I capitalized 'winner' for a reason.

[3] Made up radio station, named after the book 'What Would Buddha Do?' (as opposed to the WWJD stuff) Go read it! It's great!

[4] Wet naps are moist towelettes (those things you get at restaurants to clean up with). I don't know if they're called something else in other places.

[5] This relates back to another fic of mine "All's Fair at the Fair." And I know I've got this number up there twice; it's because it's the same note. I'm recycling note #'s.

[6] Sorry, I couldn't help it ^_^ Despite the lack of vocabulary, I actually love this line (it's a quote from the dub). To be so enchanted by something that words are lost . . . What a feeling . . . Of course, I had to change the line a bit, to fit this scenario.

End

file.